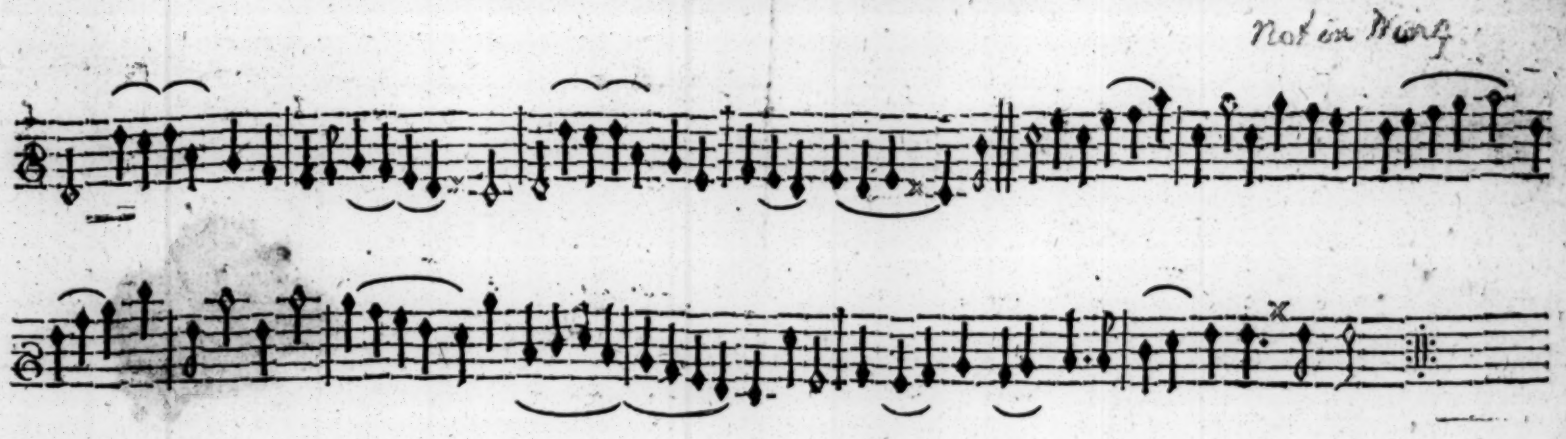
Coll. SIDNEY'S Lamentation

and Laſt Farewel to the World.

Being Condemn'd for High-Treaſon, *in Conſpiring the Death of His Sacred* Majeſty, *and Royal Brother.*



NOw, now too weak, alas! I find our *Cauſe*,
To'th over-ruling Powers the *King* & *Laws*
The force of our Impregnant Torrent's turn'd,
The Plots and Shams of our Inventions ſcorn'd:
Now I do fear what I could ne'r believe,
Some Powers above doth all our Wits deceive;
And laughs at our *Aſſociations* Vow,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus *now?*

II.

Theſe Forty Years I've Reign'd in Roguery,
With kind ſucceſs, 'gainſt Lawful Monarchy;
And now muſt my gray Head be over-reacht,
And my ſtiff Neck by ſtrength of *halter* ſtretcht
In the beginning Friends, it was not ſo,
In *Forty-One*, now Forty Years ago;
I fear'd not then no God, nor King, nor Law,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus *now?*

III.

On the late King I ſat as Judge moſt ſtout,
By vertue of our *Senate*, *Rump*, and *Rout*;
Saw him condemn'd and Murder'd at *White-hall*
His Sacred Blood doth now for Vengeance call:
With his own Gold I did Command and fight,
Againſt his Son, and all Succeſſive Right;
And ne'r repented yet, nor can I bow,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus *now?*

IV.

This King return'd, which I with arms perſu'd,
With *Tony* I for Pardon did intrude;
What e're we askt his Grace did freely grant,
Preferment too, which his beſt friends did want
My pride in oppoſition ſtill did ſhew,
A crooked Plant will never ſtraighter grow;
And now too late I grieve all wou'd not do,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus *now?*

V.

With *Tony*, *Gray*, and *Ruſſel*, I Conſpir'd
My Princes death, and many thouſands hyr'd
To Arm themſelves in ev'ry Town and Shire,
To Murther both this King and Lawful Heir,
And lay it all upon the *Papiſts* backs, (cracks;
Which with the weight of our own *Treaſon*
And for our Crimes, to murther them allow,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus *now?*

VI.

We draw'd in *M———h* to advance the *Cauſe*
And made him *Populer* by Fools Applauſe;
We made his Soul ſwell big to be a King,
When we alas! intended no ſuch thing:
Now all's Unravel'd, both *Cabals* and *Plot*,
My poor old Head muſt hang & go to'th Pot;
Zounds I'de ſtill Rebell did I know how,
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus *now?*

VII.

At *Oxford* we were Rampant, over-fed,
The *Tayl* was ten times ſtronger than the *Head*;
Yet quite out-witted by too kind a King,
Then we to *Rumbolds* Houſe our Arms did bring
Yet all was ſtill prevented by ſtrange Fate,
Had I with *Tony* made a ſafe Retreat,
Then *Ketch* had ne'r held up my Trayterous *jaw*
Poor Traytors! where's our Ignoramus *now?*

FINIS.

Printed for J. Dean, *in* Cranborn-ſtreet, *in* Leiceſter-Fields, *over-againſt* Newport-Houſe: 1683.